

REAL LITTLE CINDERELLA IN REAL LIFE.



LITTLE ANNIE RICHARDSON, THE BRIDGEPORT CINDERELLA.

**Annie Richardson,
Little Public School
Girl of Bridgeport,
Suddenly Becomes Heiress
to 30,000,000 Dollars
And Eclipses the
Fashionable Heiresses
of New York's "400."**

ANNIE RICHARDSON, the grand-daughter of the Spite House millionaire, Joseph Richardson, is a real little modern Cinderella.

She has had the ashes of poverty. Now she is to have the chariot of wealth.

Though still a bit dazed by the vision that has burst upon her, she is already planning how she shall spend the Spite House millions. For, like the other Cinderella, she has no purpose of economy.

Last week George Richardson died. George Richardson was the father of Annie Richardson, and the son of the famous Spite House multi-millionaire. His body was placed in the receiving vault of the Mountain Grove Cemetery, at Bridgeport, awaiting the widow's decision as to whether he should be permanently interred in the Richardson family plot at Greenwood, this city, or in less pretentious burial ground at Bridgeport.

There was one sincere mourner at the grave of George Richardson beside his wife—a tall, slender, dark young girl, the Cinderella of this tale. Old Joe Richardson's son was said to be much like his hard-fisted, harder-hearted father, but he gave generously of his love and, in a measure, of his money, to his one child, the apple of his shrewd, cold eye, his daughter Annie.

His death leaves that daughter the heiress of \$15,000,000, his share of the Spite House millions. Her eccentric aunt, Miss Della Richardson, loves little Annie—the child is her adoration—and she will bequeath to the tiny Cinderella, of Bridgeport, her own \$15,000,000.

This little girl is the only grandchild of Joseph Richardson, and is, therefore, the sole heiress to his grimly-acquired fortune of \$30,000,000.

Annie Richardson is, then, the richest heiress in America. She

ALITTLE girl who lives in a plain little story-and-a-half house, and has never known a real luxury in all her bare little life, has become, probably, the greatest heiress in America. She has ended chapter No. 1 in a Cinderella-like existence, and is about to begin a new chapter of life—a life full of horses and chariots and purple and fine linen. She will have \$30,000,000. Her name is Annie Richardson. She is the daughter of George Richardson, who died last week, and the granddaughter of Joseph Richardson, the miser-millionaire and owner of the famous "Spite House" of New York.

What will she do with the \$30,000,000? She will have one of the finest homes on Fifth avenue. She will enjoy the advantages of European travel and education. She will tear down the Spite House. She receives her father's share of the \$30,000,000 of her grandfather's estate, and from her aunt, the aged, eccentric old maid hermit of Houston street, Della Richardson, whose heir she will be, she will inherit the remainder of the fortune. Thus, in point of millions, little Miss Richardson eclipses even Miss May Goelet, Miss Sylvia Green and Miss Helen Gould.

There is, perhaps, no child of her age to-day in America quite so interesting as this little girl, on account of her past, her present and—her future.

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House millions lived in a simplicity that resembled poverty. Since that time the domestic condition has been ameliorated, but it is not yet a hint of the splendor that is to come, for, as has been said, the heiress is rubbing her eyes to accustom her to the prospect of vast wealth, and is planning how to spend her thirty millions.

Habit is strong and its cable-like hold is not easily broken. Reared in poverty by a miser father, it was not easy for George Richardson to spend money. He worked "overtime" as superintendent of the Bridgeport Hydraulic Company. He lived, to the time of his death, in a story-and-a-half house, at 24 Linden avenue, Bridgeport. It was painted a sombre gray, because the color "wore well." It had small, square rooms, with low ceilings and a narrow hall. His wife was her own housemaid and cook until less than a year ago, and their daughter Annie was her assistant. The purse-strings were loosened a trifle after the inheritance of the certain

\$10,000,000 and the possible \$15,000,000, but a very little. The loosening admitted of the employment of a maid servant and the addition of an extra coat of gray paint upon the house on Linden avenue, and Annie, to whom her father was devoted in his silent way, was sent to the Courtlandt select school. A short time before his death he bought a horse and buggy.

The training of heiresses on Fifth avenue, New York, differs vitally from the training of an heiress on Linden avenue, Bridgeport, Conn.

Gladys Vanderbilt, the Fifth avenue fifteen-year-old heiress, spent her baby days in a nursery suite hung in rose and white silk and facing the sunniest nook about the palace on Central Park.

Annie Richardson, who will be richer than she, slept in an attic room and played all day in the kitchen.

Gladys Vanderbilt had a day and a night nurse and a governess.

Annie Richardson had only her mother as attendant. Gladys Vanderbilt lives in a house that cost \$10,000,000.

Annie Richardson's home cost \$2,500.

Gladys Vanderbilt had a tutor in French and another in German when she was four years old.

Annie Richardson has never spoken or heard a word of French or German in her life.

Gladys Vanderbilt has two maids and a footman and coachman constantly at her beck and call.

Annie Richardson never knew the luxury of a single house servant until a year ago.

It cost \$100,000 a year to educate and clothe and shelter Gladys Vanderbilt.

Annie Richardson's wants were supplied at something like \$150 a year.

Until two years ago Annie had never ridden in a victoria, seldom in a street car. She usually walked.

Her undergarments were never trimmed with lace. It was cheaper and more sensible to wear the untrimmed sort, her mother said.

She never played with wax dolls with beautiful red cheeks. Her mother bought rubber or rag dolls for her. She said they were better.

Annie Richardson never had a pair of the delicate satin or kid slippers that are a delight to little girls. She wore stout, coarse shoes that kept her feet dry, it is true, but were not things of beauty.

She always wanted a beautiful sash of Roman stripes, but her father objected to the needless expense. He said a leather belt was quite good enough for a growing girl.

Annie Richardson never had a Christmas tree in her life. Her parents thought the old custom was a foolish one and cost quite too much.

Her childhood was not gilded by any of the petty fancies and little luxuries children love.

But the father in George Richardson was stronger than the miser. He had begun to consider his daughter's future. He had even considered sending her to Miss Anne Brown's school in this

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The Little One-and-a-Half-Story House Where the Bridgeport Cinderella Was Brought Up.